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THE BRITISH-LED 20TH PUNJAB INFANTRY STORMING A NATIVE STRONGHOLD IN THE TANGA PASS.

See Next Page.

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To Correspondents.

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All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

Talk of London.

THE PRIME MINISTER O.K.

THE canard that the Marquis of Salisbury meditated speedy resignation was promptly brought down. The rumour was at once declared on authority to be absolutely without foundation. It was in the highest degree improbable that, at a juncture when the grasping ambition of two great Continental Powers created troubles in the Far East, the most experienced and most trusted of Premiers and Foreign Ministers should have even contemplated for a moment to shuffle off his heavy and inevitable burdensome responsibilities and duties, sweet though a period of rest and tranquillity would be to him. Lord Salisbury is made of sterner stuff. He has already spoken in no uncertain strain through the medium of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Chamberlain; and he will, no doubt, give his political opponents abundant proof next Tuesday in the House of Lords that he has not lost one jot of his rare power of effective debate. It is when the Fates seem most cruel that an Englishman fights at his best. So it is with Lord Salisbury. And the Premier indubitably has the hearty sympathy of every fair-minded fellow-countryman, irrespective of Party, at the present crisis.

The Heroic Pluck of our Anglo-Indian Troops

under disadvantages encountered and surmounted by no Continental armies, bear in mind, is dramatically brought before our readers by our front-page Drawing, from a sketch supplied by a correspondent who witnessed the notable engagement depicted. Scrutinising this Illustration, and realising the intrepidity of the British-led 20th Punjab Infantry in storming the giddy heights crowned by the valorous mountain tribesmen, one cannot but deplore the cheap and unkind criticism the leaders of the punitive expedition have been subjected to at home and in India. The view we have been favoured with cannot but increase one's admiration for the indomitable courage shown under similar circumstances of stress and trial by the gallant Sikhs and by the devoted band of British officers who lost their lives in Saturday's stiff fight.

The Attack on Tangi Pass,

delineated in the *P.I.P.* Drawing, was a remarkable exploit. It took place on the 7th of January; and the action redounded to the credit of the 1st and 2nd Brigades of the Malakand Field Force. Our Correspondent writes: "The frontal attack was made by the Highland Light Infantry, Royal West Kent, and 21st P.I. Regiment; the Buffs supporting the guns, and the 20th Punjab Infantry being sent round to clear the heights on our left, and turn the enemy's right flank. The left of the sketch shows the 20th P.I. clearing the enemy out of sangars on a high peak commanding the pass." Well done, 20th Punjab!

General Sir Dan Lysons, G.C.B.,

Constable of the Tower of London, passed away at the age of eighty-two, after the death of Lieutenant-General Middleton, Keeper of the Crown Jewels. Her Majesty was one of the earliest to send a message of heartfelt condolence to his family. The Queen well knew the personal worth and valued the distinguished services of "Dan Lysons," who, with Gordon, Wolseley, and Evelyn Wood, fought bravely in the Crimean War. Kinglake tells in glowing prose how Major Lysons, with a company of the 23rd Fusiliers, took a long string of wagons escorted by a strong body of Cossacks. Alma, Inkerman, and the Redan might have been emblazoned on his glory-roll. The "Trent Affair" found him in Canada organising the Dominion Militia. He succeeded the late Lord Napier of Magdala as Constable of the Tower, a position he held till his death. Sir Daniel was buried at his birthplace, Rodmarton, Gloucestershire.

The Anniversary of General Gordon's Death

(Jan. 26) was commemorated by the decoration of his statue in Trafalgar Square. Considering the affairs of China, with which he was so closely associated, are attracting so much attention, it is probable that the custom may have received more general notice than usual. It is worth recalling, by the way, that Li-Hung-Chang placed a large wreath at the foot of the Gordon Statue in token of his great admiration for the hero who had served China so faithfully and so bravely. The most noticeable of the mementoes sent last week were a wreath of laurels from the Gordon Boys' Home, and a Maltese Cross from the Ragged School Union, bearing the inscription, "In loving memory of the sincere friend of needy children from the fellow-workers associated with the Council of the Ragged School Union." A crown of evergreens and white flowers from Professor Roberti de Lessert bore the words—

SEMPER FIDELIS.
Ever true his motto,
Ever spotless his name,
Ever green his memory,
Everlasting his fame.

A *P.I.P.* Snap-shottist presents a view of the Gordon Statue on the Commemoration Day, with the National Gallery in the background.

Another Statue in Trafalgar Square,

that of Charles I., was last Saturday the centre of a crowd of admirers. The Jacobite and Legitimist Societies were holding their annual gathering, and not only these, but many other people, attracted by the sight of the wreaths, waited for a time to read the inscriptions. This scene is also photographed. In former days the various societies concerned placed their wreaths on the shrine of their "martyred King," and prayed at the foot of the statue for the restoration of his line to the throne of England; but, finding that these proceedings attracted too much attention, and caused obstruction of the traffic, the Board of Works now takes charge of and deposits the wreaths, after weeding out any sentiments that seem to them too treasonable. To one who has a sense of humour, it must surely be an interesting sight to watch the Government itself superintending the labours of those who are at least supposed to be aiming at its overthrow.

The Royal College of Music Students

appeared at the Lyceum Theatre on the 27th ult., by the kind permission of Sir Henry Irving, in Mozart's masterpiece, "Don Giovanni." The opera was conducted by Professor Villiers Stanford, and the young students displayed great talent. The Don and Leporello were particularly clever, and Miss Jones, a bright young soprano, won golden opinions for her acting and singing as Zerlina. Mozart's great work was well done all round, and was much enjoyed by a large audience.

"Julius Cæsar"

has decidedly caught on at Mr. Tree's beautiful theatre. Last Saturday's matinée brought £312 and the evening performance realised £377. These are splendid returns for performances of the legitimate drama. But it may be questioned whether this fine play was ever produced in such magnificent style as distinguishes Mr. Tree's superb Alma-Tademaish rendering at Her Majesty's.

The Death of General Sir Michael Kavanagh Kennedy,

Colonel-Commandant of the Royal Engineers, is widely lamented, for he was of a very kindly and genial disposition. Sir Michael rendered invaluable service as Controller-General of Supply and Transport during the troublesome Afghan War of '79 and '80; likewise in Madras during the terrible famine immediately preceding that war. Prostrated by the influenza (which epidemic is again sadly fatal), he expired last Tuesday at Bourne Lodge, Farnham, Surrey.

The First Spring Holiday.

The Universities' Boat-Race Day is fixed for March 26, when I sincerely hope the *Queen Elizabeth* and the rest of the Thames steam-boats will be running.

The St. Neots Story

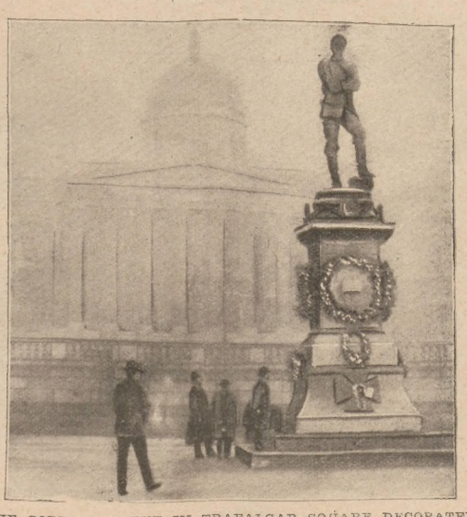
of illicit love and alleged poisoning has been a source of so much interest in the provinces that an obliging correspondent favoured me with the accompanying photograph of the young widow, Mrs. Annie Holmes. Her cousin, Walter Horsford, a young farmer of Spaldwick, is charged with having sent her strychnine to induce her to poison herself. A chemist of Trapston, Mr. J. H. Payne, deposed to selling some strychnine to Horsford; and it was alleged that under the mattress of the deceased was an incriminating letter apparently in the handwriting of the accused.

Cupid "Clinch"-ed.

When Mr. William Thomas Bramston, a Post-Office clerk in the receipt of £150 a year, was smitten with comely Miss Amelia Bessie Clinch, lady's-maid to a family in Ashley Gardens, he doubtless little imagined the course of true love would run so roughly as to sweep him with the lady into Mr. Justice Ridley's court in the Palace of Justice. But there's no knowing what tricks Cupid will play.

THE LATE GEN. SIR DANIEL LYSONS, G.C.B., CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

"P.I.P." LONDON SNAP-SHOT.



THE GORDON STATUE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE DECORATED ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF THE HERO OF KHARTOUM.

MRS. HOLMES, THE ST. NEOTS WIDOW ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN POISONED BY WALTER HORSFORD.

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So both the laddie and his disappointed lassie came to be sketched by the *P.I.P.* Lavater. The fair plaintiff clinched the argument, so to speak, by securing £30 damages to heal her wounded heart.

Bayreuth in London

is what the Royal Opera Syndicate means to attempt at Covent Garden during the coming opera season. Wagner's gigantic work "The Nibelungen Ring" will be performed entire, and some of the arrangements will be curious enough. When given at Her Majesty's Theatre (the old building) in 1882 the public used sometimes to be kept until the small hours of the morning. But at Covent Garden I hear that some of the operas included in the "Ring" will commence as early as four in the afternoon, and that a pause will be made for dinner after the first act. This interval will be of about an hour's duration. No doubt a great work, or series of works, will be the feature of the season, because there are so many who would like to hear Wagner's masterpiece, yet who cannot afford the time and expense involved in a journey to Bayreuth. Many operatic lovers have but a vague idea of the subject, which, elaborate as it is, is founded upon a very definite idea—the power of gold and its evil influences upon humanity. The opening opera,

"The Rhine Gold,"

is beautiful, and contains music of a very melodious character. The three maidens supposed to be watching the treasure are assailed by Alberich, the Niblung, who eventually seizes the gold, and throughout the remaining opera there is a perpetual struggle to regain possession of the coveted treasure. This is the keynote of the dramatic idea, and it is thoroughly worked out by the composer with passages of wonderful power and originality. The second work is "Die Walküre," the third "Siegfried," and the conclusion is "Götterdämmerung," (the Twilight of the Gods), in which the power of the northern deities is broken and their splendour eclipsed.

Miss Nellie Farren

is, I regret to hear, in a very unsatisfactory state of health. But, fortunately, the benefit arrangements on her behalf are proceeding briskly, and it is hoped that a sufficient sum will be realised to secure her a comfortable annuity. The kindly patronage of the Prince of Wales will be a great help. The benefit will take place at Drury Lane on March 17, and Mr. Arthur Collins is taking great interest in the arrangements. The appeal to the public just issued by Mr. George Edwardes (who has himself most generously subscribed £200) reveals a sad story. It is stated that Miss Farren—

Broke down under the continual nervous strain of her work, and in the hey-day of her triumphs she was stricken by a severe and painful illness from which she has never recovered. For nearly seven years she has been terribly afflicted and totally incapacitated. About two years ago, in the hope of providing for her future, she invested all that remained of her diminished savings in a theatrical enterprise which unhappily brought disaster and ruin, and she is now absolutely without means.

The prospects of the Farren Benefit are most encouraging. Already considerable sums have been received, including £20 from Mr. Toole; and friend "Caradoc" states that one hundred stalls at five guineas each are sold, while one box has fetched fifty guineas. The princely munificence of the Rothschild family may be safely reckoned upon to swell the amount which is to bring comfort to Nellie Farren.

Miss Farren's Career.

The "Queen of Burlesque" is a native of Lancashire, being the daughter of Mr. Henry Farren, and granddaughter of the famous William Farren, "the elder," as that distinguished actor was usually called. Miss E. Farren at a very early age appeared, on March 23, 1864, at the Victoria Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Cave, in a drama called "The Woman in Red." She next won favour at the Olympic as Sam Willoughby, in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." On the opening of the Gaiety, under Mr. Hollingshead's management, December 21, 1868, Miss Farren performed in the comedy "On the Cards," and during her engagement played in a number of comedies, also in comic operas galore, one of the first being Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Thespis; or, The Gods grown Old," in which she was Mercury. It was her bright and merry individuality—her ever-charming smile—her dexterous dancing, piquant acting, and genuine love of fun—which gained the heart of the public, and which will secure for Nellie Farren, now misfortune has overtaken her with ill-health, ample proof that London playgoers ever cherish grateful recollections of those who have entertained them so well.

LONDON BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

The Late Mr. Howard Reynolds.

Thousands of *P.I.P.* readers must have enjoyed the fine playing of Mr. Howard Reynolds on the cornet at the Promenade Concerts. Originally he was in the Guards' Band, but he quitted the Army to join the operatic orchestra under Sir Michael Costa. His greatest successes were won as a soloist, his fine, pure tone and brilliant execution delighting the vast audiences of Covent Garden and elsewhere. Mr. Reynolds had suffered much of late from gout, and went to Bath to try the mineral waters. But, the disease affecting the brain, he died there on the 25th ult. at the age of fifty-five.

Naval Kriegspiel.

Mr. Frederick T. Jane, Editor and Artist of the invaluable new cosmopolitan naval annual, "All the World's Fighting-Ships," illustrated, published by Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. this week, has lately completed a naval Kriegspiel, upon which he has been engaged for several years. This game reproduces every possible condition of naval warfare in miniature; and during the last two or three weeks it has been largely played by officers of the Channel Fleet on board H.M.S. *Majestic* and other ships. Last week a big fleet action (the first yet played) was fought between English and French ships, the latter, rather to the general astonishment, coming out victorious—on Mr. Jane's board. There is one thing the game cannot allow for, and that is Jack Tar and his officers, and it is the men in the ships that will do as much as ever the ships will. That "Jack's the Boy for Work" (as the popular "Geisha" song says) is seasonably illustrated in Mr. Jane's centre Drawing in last week's *P.I.P.* of a crew manning a torpedo-destroyer at Portsmouth—a drawing I commend to the notice of any foreign Ruler contemplating a conflict with Old England, as it typifies well our readiness for War.

Indispensable Handbooks for '98,

alike to the statesman, to merchants, and to journalists who would keep themselves well posted, are Mr. Douglas Sladen's biographical "Who's Who?" the "Statesman's Year-Book," "Hazell's Annual" (improved every year), and that wonderfully comprehensive book, "Whitaker's Almanack." A companion volume to the last-named is the cheap and compact Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthood, which is also issued by Whitaker and Co., at 12, Warwick Lane, E.C., under the title of "A Directory of Titled Persons." With a good portrait of Mr. Henry Tate as an appropriate frontispiece,

"The Year's Art"

is another welcome Annual invaluable to Artists. It abounds with remarkably vivid likenesses of distinguished Artists, and with useful artistic facts and figures, neatly compiled by Mr. A. C. R. Carter; and is published by Virtue for 3s. 6d. at 26, Ivy Lane, E.C.

"A Brace of Partridges"

will tickle the palates of town playgoers at the Strand next Thursday night.

The Connaught Club

(formed by the clever young actors and actresses of Messrs. J. and C. Boyd and Co., one of the most highly esteemed firms in the City) performed Mr. J. M. Barrie's delightful house-boat comedy of "Walker, London," so admirably at St. George's Hall, on Jan. 28, that I feel sure this breezy piece would enjoy a fresh run if played by the same company at some West-End house. Divertingly droll was the Jasper of Mr. W. B. White (Mr. Toole's original part), and the vivacious McPhail of Mr. W. H. Furley and sparkling Nanny of Miss Agnes Paulton were particularly worthy of praise. I confess I laughed more at the Connaught Club's merry performance than I did at the professional representations at Toole's. The band of the 2nd Life Guards played: the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress gave their patronage; and I have no doubt the Wanstead Infant Orphan Asylum benefited by the Club's successful efforts to please.

"Music, Heavenly Maid,"

yields a most harmonious instrumentation at the Queen's Hall, under the management of Mr. Robert Newman, who merits public gratitude, not only for the renewed treat of M. Lamoreux's unsurpassed orchestral concerts, but also for Mr. Henry J. Wood's exquisite Symphony Concerts on Saturday afternoons, to say nothing of the Sunday matinée concerts, crowned by the N.S.L.'s sweet Sunday Night Concerts for the People.

THE PROMPTER.

"P.I.P." LONDON SNAP-SHOT.

JACOBITE HOMAGE TO CHARLES THE FIRST'S STATUE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON JAN. 29.

You should read the "P.I.P." in NINETY-EIGHT if you wish to be UP-TO-DATE.

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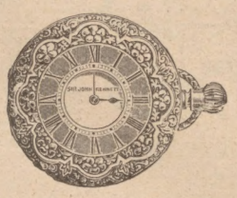

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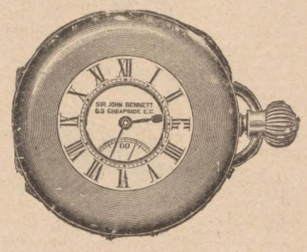

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Author Husband (trying to write): "My dear, why don't you take up the study of German?" Wife: "Why, John, what do you mean?" Husband: "Well, my dear, I mean that you might then give the English language a much-needed rest."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "What are you in such deep thought about, John?" Mr. Crimsonbeak: "I was only thinking, dear, that all the men who have gone in search of the North Pole seem to have been married men."

Rosalind's London Fashions.

BABY fashionables have no cause for complaint on the score of variety or prettiness in their millinery. In Fig. 1 is sketched an Evangeline bonnet. The crown of this is cut on Dutch lines, fitting quite to the head like a cap, and is of white velvet. The Evangeline facing or brim is of white satin, edged with a tiny frill of lace (which may be white or écru). This "facing" (which is in the sketch—in order to show the shape clearly—somewhat unduly forced forward) is cut down in the centre, it will be noticed, and on the top of the crown is placed a jaunty bow of white satin ribbon. This bow can be dispensed with, if preferred, according to the little face the bonnet is to frame, as some tinies look charming in the flat bonnets, while to others they are very unbecoming; these latter needing a top-knot to make matters right.

* * *

A Baby Bonnet.

At Dinner Parties—now so much more popular than they used to be—the "uppers" of our toilettes—as at theatre or opera—play such an important part that we discover some of the prettiest bodices made for such occasions. The bodice sketched in Fig. 2 is a pretty model for dinner wear. This gown is of pale lettuce-green silk as to skirt and bodice. The latter opened in front to show a pouched vest of chiffon the same colour, embroidered with pink rose-buds, and their leaves in ribbon embroidery. On either side were revers tapering to the waist of velvet, several shades deeper than the silk, over which opened smaller revers of the silk, covered with chiffon and an appliqué of the same embroidery. Castellated epaulettes of silk—with the ribbon embroidery again—finished the shoulders, the sleeves being of wrinkled lettuce-green chiffon, with very full accordioned ruffles of the same falling over the hands. The whole effect was very pleasing. Apropos of sleeves, the ready-made wrinkled or shirred sleeves of chiffon and net, now obtainable at all good shops, are a boon and a blessing; for at a few shillings' cost and the minimum trouble of stitching them in, we may make a *passé* evening bodice look quite fresh and respectable.

A Dinner-Bodice.

* * * * *

In Fig. 3 you are confronted by the double-flounced skirt, with a novel general design for an evening gown, hailing from the City of Chilons. So far—let us be thankful—the flounce element has visited evening gowns only, many being trimmed with a series of little frills or flounces up the length of the skirt, but it is only lately that two or three deep ones have appeared; and one trembles for fear of more to follow. In our model, which is of black chiffon, the upper flounce comes from a hip yoke, which, pointed and rather deep in front, narrows up at the back; a quite Parisian idea. This yoke is of black satin, embroidered with steel and silver sequins. The bodice is also yoked with sequined satin, from which falls a full pouched blouse of chiffon. Double frills of the chiffon form the sleeves over the shoulders, and long black gloves are worn.

A Double-Flounce Skirt.

Tobacconists Commencing.—Illus. Guide (250 pgs.), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Rd., Ldn. 50 yrs.' reputation. Hairdressers fitted. Mgr., H. Myers.—[Advt.]

"P.I.P." NEW STORIES.

Justina.

BY A. GOLDWIN.

Author of "In Due Season," etc.

[COPYRIGHT.]

THE March sun, shining into a luxuriously furnished bed-room in a large house in Belgravia, conveyed little warmth in its rays, for a cold east wind was blowing. But the bright fire glowing on the hearth defied the state of the atmosphere, and the thermometer on the wall registered an agreeable temperature.

However, the occupant of the room, a handsome young fellow under thirty, suffering from the effects of a recent accident, was not in a mood to appreciate the advantages of his position, and the comfortable bed on which he lay with a fractured right leg was to him no better than a bed of thorns.

He was the Honourable Cecil Fetterdale, a young man of wealth as well as station, whose sole object in life so far had been to shirk the irksome and have his own way. At present, as there was no question of having his own way, he felt that he must swear, but there was no one to swear at; so he vigorously pulled the bell-rope beside the bed, and repeated the action three times during the next fifteen seconds. However, when the door opened, it was not his much-tired valet, but a slim dark-haired trained nurse who came in.

"That woman!" thought Cecil, frowning ominously. Yet involuntarily he restrained the oath on his lips.

As well as the fractured leg, he had had an injury to the head which had brought on concussion, from which he had only just recovered; so that he had only a dim and distorted recollection of the days immediately succeeding his accident.

Still he had a confused remembrance of this nurse hovering about his bed, and doing what she liked with him. He would put a stop to that at once. If she was to be foisted on him for the next few weeks, he would show her her place and keep her in it.

The nurse, who carried a tray with a cup and saucer, came close to the bed.

"You must drink this," she said.

"Must!" said Cecil, his brows contracting. "I must not, and I won't. Take away the beastly stuff, and send Hicks to me."

"You don't want Hicks now. I have charge of you," said the nurse quietly. "You must drink this at once."

As she spoke, her glance met the obstreperous patient's and fascinated it. She had gauged his character, and felt that this was a crucial moment when, unless she mastered him, he would make her life unbearable during the next four or five weeks.

During several seconds the gaze of her large, dark, magnetic eyes was fixed on Cecil's until involuntarily his lids drooped, and he averted his face.

"Give me the stuff," he said sullenly.

Then he emptied the cup at a gulp, and turned morosely on his pillows. The nurse sat down, took up a book, and became absorbed in it; and for some time the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece was importunately audible. It worried Cecil.

The nurse's absorption in her book worried him still more. He looked at her resentfully, examining her features with critical eyes.

"Nurse!" he said imperatively.

She raised her eyes. Their calm, steady, magnetic glance met his; and again he quailed before it. His anger vanished at the same time; he became embarrassed, deprecatory.

"What's the time? The day seems so long, I think it will never end."

"It's four. Time does seem long," she said brightly, "when one is kept a prisoner with a broken leg. But the first days are always the longest. Shall I read to you?"

"Do, please, I feel so horribly dull."

The nurse sat near the bed and read aloud. Cecil watched her face as she read; and, though he scarcely followed what she was reading, her voice had a strangely soothing effect on him. In a little while he slept. Then she put down the book, and going to a seat near the window, lapsed into a reverie.

Thenceforward Nurse Bloomfield had no further trouble with her patient. If he felt remorse or resistant, a look from her was sufficient to recall him to a sense of the proprieties.

"What is your name?" Cecil asked suddenly one evening.

"You know I am Nurse Bloomfield."

"I mean your Christian name?"

"My name begins with J. Guess it. It will give you something to do."

"Not Jane, surely?" he said, brightening.

"No."

"Julia or Juliette?"

"Wrong again. I think I had better tell you, for you would never guess. It is Justina."

"Justina," he said consideringly. "It is unusual, but it suits you."

"Because it is unusual?"

"No, because it is pretty. A common name would not suit you."

"Nonsense! I wish my name were Jane. I like common things, because they are useful. Pretty things are generally only ornamental."

Now the patient no longer felt the days tedious. Indeed, the only hour of the twenty-four that seemed long to him was the one during which Justina took her daily walk. But he was doing well, and began to dread the time when he would no longer need his nurse's services.

"In another week," said Justina to him one Monday, "you will no longer need me."

The week seemed to take wings to itself and fly; but during its course, the Honourable Cecil, with a decision of character unusual in him, confronted the situation and arrived at an important decision.

The last evening had come. The gas was lit. The fire burned brightly. The patient, now able to get up and walk with the aid of crutches, was lying on a couch, and Justina, sitting in an easy-chair before the fire, made believe to read; and her seeming absorption in her book irritated Cecil as it had done another day five weeks before. But her absorption was only seeming. She was quite as preoccupied as he was; and though they were not in sympathy, their thoughts were following the same track.

Suddenly he spoke, and the tone of his voice warned her that the critical moment she knew was impending had come.

"Nurse, come and sit on this chair near me."

She promptly obeyed.

"Well," she said, with affected carelessness, "have you made up your mind where you will go for change of air as soon as you are well enough to move?"

"I shan't go anywhere while I have to use crutches. But I am not thinking of that now. I am thinking of you, Justina."

She remained silent. He continued hurriedly—

"I love you, Justina. I cannot live without you. I want you to be my wife."

She was looking fixedly before her, and some moments elapsed before she spoke. Then she said quietly, "I don't love you in the least."

"That will come," he said coolly. "I don't mind if you don't love anyone else."

"No, I don't love anyone else—at least not now."

"Then it's all right," he said eagerly, taking her hand.

She pulled it from him angrily.

"I cannot be your wife. You are not of my world. Your views are not my views. Your aims and aspirations are exactly the reverse of mine. You and I have nothing in common."

How he was staggered, and a partial consciousness of the moral and intellectual gulf that separated him from this woman broke on his understanding. But his dominant feeling was resentful indignation.

"You mean that you reject me."

"Certainly I do."

"Who is it you want to marry?"

"A man that I can love and respect. Wealth can give him no additional value in my eyes, and it will not matter in the least to me whether he be of noble or peasant parentage. In fact I should prefer the latter."

He turned his face on the cushion, and seemed to consider the matter at an end. But Justina's large-minded unselfishness, moving her to pity for him, urged her to reconcile him to the inevitable, and avail of this opportunity of sowing a seed which might bear future fruit.

"Do you truly love me?" she asked gently. "You know there is love and fancying oneself in love."

"Why do you ask since you won't have me?" he said moodily. Then turning his face towards her, he added in a wistful tone, "I think I have proved to you that I do truly love you."

His words touched her as she recognised that his deciding to marry her was for him, brought up as he had been, an act of positive heroism. Now she took his hand, and hope shone again in his eyes; but she quickly extinguished it.

"I cannot reverse my decision. It would be as unwise for you to marry me as it would be for me to marry you. But, if you truly love me, you must promise to do something to please me. Will you?"

"If I can," he said, softening.

"Well you must think of me sometimes; and at such times try to be considerate for others. You often find life a very joyless affair, do you not?"

"I do. I am bored to death six days out of the seven."

"Well, try to be less selfish, less self-centred. Live more for others. When you feel bored to death, do an act of kindness to somebody instead of swearing at things in general. A sixpence given to a crossing-sweeper would raise him almost to the seventh heaven."

At two the next afternoon she left. Leaning on his crutches, Cecil, at his window, watched her getting into the hansom that bore her away from him. His eyes grew dim as the vehicle passed out of sight. An Italian, stationed with his rasping organ in front of the house, was entertaining the vicinity with the latest music-hall favourite. Cecil hated this form of street nuisance, and during his recent incarceration had waged war on all the musicians who had visited the neighbourhood. But now the strains of the organ fell unheeded on his ear. As he turned from the window a terrible feeling of blankness oppressed him, and he looked so gloomy that Hicks, who had come to see if his master wanted anything, expected an outburst of temper.

"That 'ere horgan is worrying you, Sir," said Hicks. "I'll go and send John to tell them be hoff at once."

"Give them this sixpence," said Cecil in a mild tone that electrified his valet. "They have to live as well as the rest of the world."

Perhaps the seed Justina sowed had taken root.

THE END.

We Ask the Public to insist on having Cadbury's Cocoa, because adulterated cocoas are sometimes pushed for the sake of extra profit. Cadbury's Cocoa is "a perfect food," and is not prepared with alkali or any mixture. It is "absolutely pure," therefore best.—[Advt.]

"P.I.P." SMILES.

Friend: "How do you get along with the cooking?" The Bride: "Admirably! I blame it on the range."

SHIFTING RESPONSIBILITY.

Tailor (to mother who is having a suit made for her boy): "Will you have the shoulders padded?" Tommy (interrupting): "No, Ma, tell him to pad the trousers."

THE HOLIDAYS NEARLY OVER!

Irate Customer: "See here, I've worn these new trousers only a week and they already bag at the knees." Dealer: "Yah, dot was recht. Dose are our new padient pants vot makes beoples dink our gustomers go to ghurch dree dimes effry Sunday."

NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

Robinson: "What makes Smith so down on the long-distance telephone?" Greyson: "He rang up a man in L—— who owes him half-a-crown, and they wrangled till it cost Smith fifteen shillings."

THAT TERRIBLE TELEPHONE.

THE NEW SERIES OF "P.I.P." STORIETTES will be found most INTERESTING for HOUSEHOLD READING.

Rural Life.

BY THE "P.I.P." COTTAGE FARMER.

Sorts of Fruit-Trees.

FEW words and a sketch are necessary to give a better idea of the form of trees I have been describing during the past few weeks in *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. The dwarfing stock is used to (1) check fruit-trees that persist in making strong shoots; (2) to check the formation of long, spreading-out roots; (3) to cause earlier fruitfulness by giving a shorter-jointed growth to the wood, and by causing the roots to make fibre in a short, compact mass close to the base of the stem. Seedling trees naturally form a tap-root. They as naturally throw long shoots. Some quite as naturally also produce suckers. Both long shoots and suckers are the result of tap-roots being left to grow unchecked. A seedling tree may be made to form fruit wood ("spurs") by (1) root-pruning, and (2) wood-pruning. "Worked" trees are those that the nurseryman or tree-grower has manipulated in one or another or, it may be, all the above ways. He secures stock

By Grafting or Budding Apples, Plums, Pears, or Cherries

upon either natural stocks or upon the so-called dwarfing stocks that are found to enhance early fruitfulness, short sturdy growth, and surface-root formation. The Crab and the Paradise are the free and dwarfing stocks used for the apple—every apple-tree or bush is "worked" upon either one or the other.

The Pear and the Quince

are the free and dwarfing stocks for the pear; the mussel and the myrobalan are plum stocks; and the mahaleb and wild cherry are stocks used for the cherry. The form of trees depends, as far as the grower intends, upon the stocks used, and the shape and habit of, tree he desires to grow.

Bush. Cordon. Standard. Pyramid.

FORMS OF FRUIT TREES.

In the Illustration we have four of the five most commonly grown forms of fruit-trees. The half-standard is a modification of the standard form, its head being formed a year earlier in the growth of the tree and at only half the height from the ground. A standard is a single graft that is worked at the top, the stem being denuded of side growths, and finally cut back at the height of six feet or thereabouts to begin to form its head.

A Pyramid and a Bush Tree

are gradually built up in the course of three years by (1) cutting back the main lead made by the graft, and (2) by shortening the side growths. A cordon is formed by shortening the main lead to cause side shoots to break, which, in their turn, are cut back to form bases for fruit-spurs.

In the Case of Free Stocks,

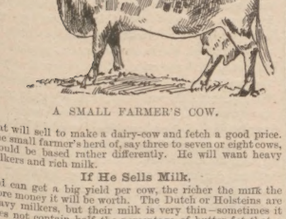
as with standard trees, a long period must pass before the roots—free travellers that they are—will get the check that will cause the wood of itself to begin to form fruit-spurs. Hence the necessity for root-pruning and for using those dwarfing stocks that promote fruitfulness through, as I have stated, having short, fibrous surface-feeding roots. On the whole,

The Standard Pays the Nurseryman Best to Grow—

it requires less labour and attention. Buyers need not think they will buy bush or dwarf trees cheaply *because they are small*. A well-formed pyramid will bear fruit from the first, and if it be on a surface-rooting stock, it may be grown in shallow soil, such as standard trees would not live in, and it may bear crops that will make the price of the land before the standard trees have earned a shilling.

The Small Farmer's Herd.

The "herd" of the cottager may begin with one cow. If he sees no way of ever increasing the size of his holding, he will do well to keep a cow that is not a great eater, and yet will produce a big-boned, large-framed calf. He may attain that end by having either a Dexter or a Devon cow, and mating her to a shorthorn bull. Then he can at least rear a bullock that will make prime young beef, or a heifer



A SMALL FARMER'S COW.

that will sell to make a dairy-cow and fetch a good price. The small farmer's herd of, say three to seven or eight cows, should be based rather differently. He will want heavy milkers and rich milk.

If He Sells Milk

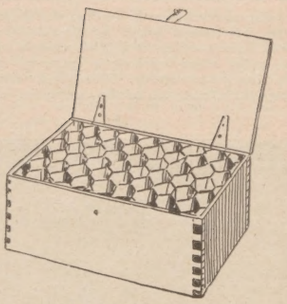
and can get a big yield per cow, the richer the milk the more money it will be worth. The Dutch or Holsteins are heavy milkers, but their milk is very thin—sometimes it does not contain half the percentage of butter-fat that a Jersey or a cross-bred Jersey-shorthorn yields in her milk.

If He Makes Butter

and rears a lot of young pigs his supply of skim milk cannot be too great. The Jersey will not suit him, her milk being almost all cream. The old Polled Durham will milk as no other breed can do, taking yield and richness into account with stall and green-meat-feeding. She will bring calves that if sired by shorthorn, red-polled, or Hereford bulls will make baby beef, which at twenty or twenty-one months old will give over 100 stones of dressed beef per carcase. She is not a small eater, but she does well upon land-grown green-food—better by far than the Jersey or the other small breeds. Moreover, the breed is notably gentle and tractable, and the cows are almost without exception easy milkers.

Eggs in Transit.

The patent egg-box here illustrated is the latest. There are several improved features in it, and for that reason I



PATENT HONEYCOMB EGG-BOX.

give my readers the note. Its extreme lightness means a saving of at least 25 per cent. in carriage. The honeycomb-cell shape allows of the eggs being packed much closer together, thus giving a great saving in bulk of the package. The spaces are formed of a patent leather board, and sheets of felt are used between the layers of eggs. This box promises well for cheapness and economy. It is made in sizes up to sixty dozens. What I and most people find unsatisfactory about eggs in transit is the way in which they are sometimes handled and knocked about—more especially by the Parcels Post people. What a boon and a blessin-

The Parcels Post

was going to be to senders of eggs, butter, small plants, and similar things that would pack and travel in a small space! I was hatching a chicken from every egg last summer, and at the same time sending a few sittings of similar eggs to friends by parcels post, and never, or hardly ever, a fertile egg arrived. How was it? The thumps and bangs and jars they got when in the hands of the parcels post servants accounted for it. The Postmaster-General should give instructions to parcels postmen to be more careful with fragile parcels. One would not like to say that parcels postmen try to kill traffic. All the same I advise senders of eggs that are to be hatched to send them by passenger train (and would appeal to the railway managers to reduce the carriage-rate to the postal-rate); to be sure to have the word "EGGS" written large on the top and sides of the box; and to have a cord or strap or other strong handle that the porters can catch hold of easily across the top.

A Co-Operative Farm.

"C. B."—I have figures that cover 4869 acres or land farmed in this country during 1896 by forty co-operative farming societies. Of these, thirty-six were associations of consumers, eight of which owned their farms. I cannot give their results. There were also four associations farming 1241 acres and paying £1983 in yearly rent. Two of these latter associations showed a profit of £300, and two a loss of £142. The object of none of these appears to have been thorough cultivating, multiplying the output of the land by intensive culture, and growing and producing only for quick returns and special profits, and I do not use their figures by way of comparison with what such a system worked on strictly economic lines will do. A co-operative farm, to make money, would have to exclude a paid chairman and directors and fees for promotion. Simply an auditor and a working staff under a working manager would be paid, all the other duties being undertaken gratuitously for the good of the community. Such a farm, carrying on every specially profitable rural industry, would afford practical instruction and tuition that hundreds would be glad to obtain and pay for, and which I myself, for one, would gladly help in giving. When I say giving, *I mean giving*. Now, friend "C. B.," and as many as like the proposal as per "C. B.'s" letter in last week's *P.I.P.*, put your heads together and talk it over. I can lend you a board-room and find you a practical and practised chairman if you wish. I also think I can point out a farm that will be suitable. And bear this in mind in the meantime, that every co-operative farming movement up to now has been promoted by men who had an axe to grind. The axe I have to grind is the encouragement of profitable small farming. The other axes up to now were sharpened for self-aggrandising purposes. If my aims and yours will work well together, you can command me that far.

Stock and Crop for Nine Acres.

"A. C."—You might work four acres under deep plough culture, and grow green food for three or four cows and as many breeding sows. You can hire the ploughing. The rest would do for pasturage and for ranging ground for fowls and turkeys, as you appear to have so many trees. The currants and raspberries you inquire for I have sent you address of grower of. Be careful not to overstock with poultry till you see how this land suits them. You kept far too many before on such a small place as a half acre; and not many people could raise 13,956 eggs, rear 400 chickens within the year, and keep 250 fowls, more or less, on such a small place. It is too good to last, is such success as that.

For Baldwin Blackcurrant and Raspberry Canes and Fruit Trees, near London.

"Mrs. Allin," and other Inquirers can get Kentish-grown planting stuff of the sorts I named at Dulwich, from the manager of Alleyn's nursery.

Special Fruit Fertilisers.

"Oundle."—Yes, I will fix you up a proper blend if you will tell me what fruit it is for. Cost £7 to £8 per ton; dressing, 4 cwt. to 5 cwt. per acre. Grass-land fertilizers cost less than that, of course.

Selling Trees.

"Nurseryman."—I have noted your address, and will try to send you some customers.

Fowl Fever.

"A Weekly Reader."—I have named the disease your fowls are dying of, and there is a special note in hand on the subject.

Ploughing without Headland.

"N. D. P. Farmer."—You sweep a curve towards each end, and so get close up to the hedge as the horses come around. In ploughing one way on hill-sides the practice is quite common.

Crossing Rabbits, etc.

"G. G."—Wild bucks and Belgian hare does are preferable. Lay the netting on the ground. Fence, 4ft. high.

Canary with Insect Pests.

"Z. A."—Your treatment is correct. Scrub the cage as well, and get an insect powder to dust the bird with.

Poultry Trades Journal and Markets.

"A Sabden Lad."—There is not one of the class. You can get a list of the poultry salesmen from a directory.

Breeding Mules.

"Uno."—The French linnet and canary will breed. All mules are hybrids. Your description is the redpole.

The "Rural Monthly."

"Amateur Farmer" and Others.—Several hundreds of copies were carefully addressed and posted to applicants last month, and some have gone astray. The address of the publisher is 20, Cheapside, and the new (February) number is being sent out now. If anyone who has written to me for it has failed to get it, I am sure they will only need to send a post-card to the publisher notifying that fact. Price 2½d., post free.

N.B.—The writer of "Rural Life" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, London, W.C. All readers should order their copies in advance of the nearest Newsagent, or at the *P.I.P.* Office.

THE "P.I.P." RURAL ARTICLES will be found of INCREASING USEFULNESS to COTTAG

CHESS.

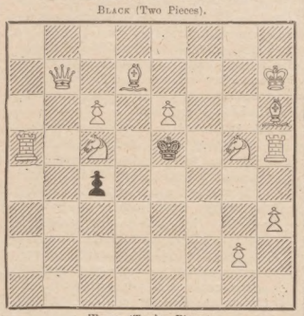
CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 207.

1. Q to B 1st	P takes B P	2. Kt to B 4th	Mate.
1. ,,	K takes Q P	2. Kt to Kt 5th	,,
1. ,,	K to B 5th	2. Kt takes R.	,,
1. ,,	K takes B P	2. Kt to Kt 4th	,,

PROBLEM No. 208.—By J. P. TAYLOR.

BLACK (Two Pieces).



WHITE (Twelve Pieces).

White to play, and mate in two moves.

HASTINGS CHESS FESTIVAL.

A reputation, in order to be permanent, must not only be won, but must also be well maintained. The Hastings and St. Leonards Chess Club are maintaining the exceptional chess reputation of their famous club by a number of spirited enterprises undertaken by them throughout the year, of which their chess festival is the principal. This took place last week, from Monday till Friday, and created the greatest interest in chess circles. In addition to the three English masters usually engaged to play during the Hastings week—namely, Messrs. Bird, Blackburne, and Gunsberg, there was also M. Janowski, the French champion. Each afternoon and evening something was going on, either simultaneous exhibitions, blindfold play, or consultation games. We append a game from one of the latter contests, in which the veteran English chess master, Mr. Bird, and an amateur succeeded in defeating the French champion, M. Janowski, and his partner.

Consultation game played between Messrs. JANOWSKI and COLBORNE, and BIRD and TRENCHARD.

WHITE (Janowski and Dr. Colborne.)	BLACK (Bird and W. H. Trenchard.)	WHITE (Janowski and Dr. Colborne.)	BLACK (Bird and W. H. Trenchard.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	39. K to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	40. Kt takes B	B P takes Kt
3. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	41. K to B 3rd	R to B 5th (ch)
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	42. K to Kt 3rd	R to B 5th
5. P to K 3rd	B to Q 3rd	43. R to K 5th	R takes B P
6. P to K 4th	P takes K P	44. P to B 6th	P takes P
7. Kt takes P	B to Kt 5 (ch)	45. R takes B P	R takes Kt P
8. B to Q 2nd	B takes B (ch)	46. R takes P	R takes K R P
9. Q takes B	Q Kt to B 3rd	47. R takes P (ch)	K to K 2nd
10. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt	48. R to B 5th	R to R 6th (ch)
11. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	49. K to Kt 2nd	P to Kt 5th
12. Castles K R	Kt to Kt 3rd	50. R takes P	P to Kt 6th
13. R to K 1st	Castles	51. R to Kt 5th	P to R 4th
14. B takes Kt	Q takes B	52. P to Kt 5th	P to R 5th
15. Kt to K 5th	Q to R 4th	53. P to R 4th	R to R 7th (ch)
16. R to K 3rd	P to B 3rd	54. K to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 7th
17. R to R 3rd	Q to K 1st	55. P to Kt 6th	R to R 6th (ch)
18. Kt to Q 3rd	P to K 4th	56. K to B 4th	R to Kt 6th
19. B to K 3rd	P to K 5th	57. R takes R	P takes R
20. Q R to K 1st	Q to B 2nd	58. P to Kt 7th	P Queens
21. R takes P	Q takes P	59. P Queens	Q to K B 8 (ch)
22. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q to Q 4th	60. K to B 3rd	P to Kt 7th
23. Kt to B 4th	Q to Q 3rd	61. Q to K 5th (ch)	K to B 2nd
24. R to K 7th	B to Q 2nd	62. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to B 3rd
25. Q to B 1st	Q R to K 1st	63. Q to R 6th (ch)	K to B 4th
26. Q to B 4 (ch)	K to B 1st	64. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to B 5th
27. Q to B 5th	Q takes Q	65. Q to R 4th (ch)	K to B 6th
28. P takes Q	R to Kt 1st	66. Q to R 3rd (ch)	K to B 7th
29. K to B 1st	R takes R	67. Q to R 4th (ch)	K to Kt 8th
30. R takes R	R to B 2nd	68. Q to Q 4th (ch)	Q to R 7th
31. R to K 6th	K to B 1st	69. Q to Q 1st (ch)	K to R 7th
32. R to R 4th	P to Q R 3rd	70. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to Kt 6th
33. K to K 2nd	B to B 4th	71. Q to Kt 5 (ch)	K to R 6th
34. K to Q 2nd	R to Q 2nd (ch)	72. Q to R 3th (ch)	Q to R 5th
35. K to B 1st	P to K Kt 4th	73. Q to B 2th (ch)	K to R 7th
36. Kt to K 2nd	R to Q 4th	74. Q to B 2nd	K to
37. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Q 6th		
38. Kt to B 3rd	R to Q 3th		White resigns

DRAUGHTS.

J. A. CHALLICE (Captain R.N.)—To No. 163 corre
JOHN MORRIN & A. B. H.—Your original cont
received with thanks.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 164.—By B. T. STA

Black: 4, 6, 22, 23K.
White: 12, 18, 11K, 30K.
White to move, and win.

18 14	12 8	27 31	27 32		
23–18a	18–23	11–165	20–24		
14 10	11 27	31 27	32 28		
6–15	4–11	16–20	24–27		
	a4— 8	23–18	18— 9	6–1	
	12 3	3 7	7 10	11 2	

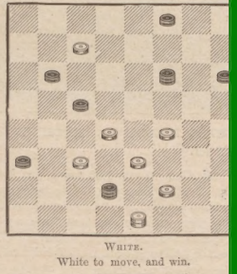
White wins.

b11–15	22–25	25–30	15–19	
30 26	26 22	31 27	27 23	

White wins.

PROBLEM No. 165.
By TWO HOLY BOYS (Allahabad).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and win.

LONDON—NORTH v. SOUTH.—North won this c
Morley College on Jan 22, for the third time; s
against South's 70 games.